
THE BIBLICAL QUARTERLY of Religious and Moral Science, and the Reconstruction of Biblical Theories according to the principles of all Science. No. I. Daniel with its Apocryphal additions, newly arranged and translated.

With a critical introduction, in which its age, authorship, character and interpretation are considered, and the principal questions concerning the book attempted to be fully resolved. By LAURENCE A. SAWYER.

This Quarterly will endeavor to apply the principles of science to the sciences of religion and morality, then to history to sacred history, and then of all interpretation to Biblical interpretation. The second or third number will commence the critical examination of the New Testament.

TERMS, \$2 a year; single numbers, 60 cents. The first number is in the press, and will appear shortly. Orders and subscriptions are respectfully solicited through all the United States and Canada, and may be addressed to Rev. L. A. SAWYER, Boston.

IMPORTANT SPECIAL NOTICE—Those who want an easy, pleasant and profitable business should send for

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which contains over fifty valuable secrets. Sent, post paid, on receipt of address on the receipt of 25 cents.

Address, A. J. FOSTER, Troy, N. Y.

Nov. 13.—34

ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE.—Three complete copies of the (London) ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE are for sale; application to be made to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 22 Washington Street, Boston. Price,—three dollars each. The work covers a period of more than ten years, ending 1st May, 1863. 4t

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.—The invaluable Tracts of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled "The Right Way to Safe Work," can be had at the *Liberator* office, whole sale or retail. Price—86 at per hundred; ten cents, single copy. The name of the writer is a sufficient guaranty of the book's worth as to style and argument.

LYCUM LECTURES.—Literary Associations and Circles, desiring lectures for the present winter, may be consulted on reasonable terms with any or all in the following list:—

1. Eighteen Months at Port Royal, S. C., as Superintendent of abandoned Plantations; and the solution of the question, "What shall be done with the slaves freed?"
2. War and Peace.
3. The Progress of the Mechanic Arts, and its effect on Social Science.
4. The Poet and his Art.
5. Shakespeare.
6. The Merchant of Venice, (a Critical Reading.)
7. Hamlet.
8. Macbeth.
9. Milton.

10. Burns.

Wordsworth.

Testimonials of a high order, from eminent gentlemen connected with Lyceums in the West, where has been the starer's field hitherto, may be seen by any who desire it.

Address Prof. J. C. ZACHOS, Boston, Mass.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK, Editor *Clark's School Visitor*, would make a few additional engagements to lecture the coming winter. His themes are popular and practical. He may be addressed at the *Visitor* Office, 130 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 3t.

MEETINGS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A. T. ZACHOS and W. M. JACKSON (Jeff. Davis's coachman) visited meetings in Portsmouth, on Sunday next, 15th inst. Newmarket, Tuesday evening, 17th, South Westport, Wednesday, 18th, and in Exeter, on Thursday 19th.

It is hoped and expected that most of the principal towns in Eastern New Hampshire will be visited in the course of a few weeks, and that all the friends of Universal Emancipation will cheerfully co-operate to make the meetings as effective as possible. Of the importance

tire Emancipation, as the way out of the war, and for the
 security of a permanent peace and a harmonious at-
 taining Union, there can be but one reasonable opinion.

A GENERAL EMANCIPATION ACT.—AARON
 POWELL and WENDELL P. GARRISON will address meet-
 ings in the following places in the State of New York:—

Watertown,	Friday	Nov.	11
"	Saturday	"	12
"	Sunday	"	13
Watkins Springs,	Monday	"	14

E. H. HEYWOOD will speak in Florence, Nov. 11
 at 12.

HOPEDALE.—PARKER PILLBURY will give a lec-
 ture in the new church at Hopedale, on Sunday evening
 next. Subject.—The Mysteries and Meanings of the Word

OBITUARY.

Sergeant EDWIN A. WHITCOMB, of the 105th Ohio Reg-
 iment, and only son of D. JAMES E. WHITCOMB, of Broad

Thus has another sacrifice been laid on Freedom's sacred altar; and from the depths of bleeding, agonized hearts be bared can may, "The altar sanctifies the gift," and end peace.

This young soldier fell, with the aspiration for "LIBERTY TO ALL" fresh upon his lips, as earnestly breatheth in his last letter to his sorrowing parents. Slowly and surely, is the God of Justice and peace answering the yearning cry, which is now going out from millions of human hearts.

Let us, then, work on—wait on—and, if need be, sacrifice on—until "LIBERTY TO ALL" shall resound from every hill-top and through every valley, and "none shall make us slaves afraid."

DIED—In this city, on Sunday last, AARON F. P. GRANT, grandson of AARON F. and ELIZA PHILLIPS, of California, aged 7 years and 6 months.

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.

I. SPEECHES, LECTURES AND LETTERS. I. WENDALL PHILLIPS. Library edition, \$2.25; Trade edition, \$1.50; People's edition, \$1.

II. HOSPITAL SKETCHES. By Miss L. M. Alcott. Price 50c.

III. TOUSSAINT LOUVERGNE: a Biography with autobiography. \$1.25.

IV. REDPATH'S LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN. 1.00.

V. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GREAT SPEECH IN ENGLAND. Price 15c.

VI. THE BLACK MAN. By William Wells Brown. 1.00.

Circulars containing criticisms of these publications sent
any address, free.

Any of these Books will be sent by mail, postage paid
on receipt of price. R. F. WALLUTZ,
Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington St., Boston.

GAS FIXTURES.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and
the public, that (owing to ill health) he has been
obliged to leave his situation at Messrs. H. B. Shaw &
Co., now Messrs. Shreve, Swanwick & Co., where he has
been employed for the last fourteen years, and is now per-
suaded to do so in all manner of

JOBGING ON GAS FIXTURES,

in the most careful manner. Now Fixtures furnished at
us at, old Fixtures and Glass Doors cleaned, leaks stop-
ped, and new ones put in.

Particular attention given to *Lighting up for Parties*.
Shop under the Marlboro' Hotel. Orders may be left
care of Hall & Stowell's Provision Store, 194 Charles street
NELSON L. PERKINS.
Refers to Shreve, Stannwood & Co.
Oct. 30—1y

BRAID PATTERNS
STAMPED AT NO. 20 WINTER STREET,
AT FIVE CENTS PER YARD.
Boston, Oct. 23, 1863.

Poetry.

ODE.

Delivered by Miss Charlotte Cushman at the Dedication of the Great Organ in Music Hall, Boston, on Monday Evening, Nov. 24, 1893. Written by a Lady.

Listen to the invocation!
Now awaking, praise-breaking,
It shall bear the heart of a nation,
Rising in vast convulsion,
Full of honor, full of song,
Upward to the Source of Praise, where harmonies belong.

It rises from our city by the fragrant sea,
Where, young, laborious, brave, and free,
She stands in her prosperity.
Our fathers clothed the wild shore stark and cold,
Saying, "This strand shall be our home,
And let no despot litter come;
Strong of purpose, strong of bone,
We will govern it alone.

Yet Mercy's height our fathers could not gain,
Nor perfect Justice did their hearts contain;
They stilled their din; the tale is untold.
And hither of strange
And wily hate and ignorance
Heaped their poisoned agony
Upon the young-brood colony;
But still the people grew and strengthened as Time rolled.
The towers rose, the bells were swung,
And lifted steeple assumed new grace,
While up and down the children sang,
Bringing their sunshine to the place.

After long years, their children's children grew,
And wandered into foreign lands,
And other nations knew
And saw them bound in cold, despotic hands.
At last, in thankfulness, they said,
We will choose from our own
Those who early loved and reverent held
Their listening ear to the harmonic spell;
Let them seek in what manner antique town
To find in what recesses dwell
Art's divinest melodies.

Voices, shall we as the dead
See the morning surge
Over our rich surpluses?
See the evening's golden tale
Written on each floating sail,
And no people's song arise
Tuneless for our home, our earthly Paradise?

We have sinned, and need a psalm for adoration;
We have joyed, and should find voice for gladness;
We will build an organ vast,
It shall sound a noble blast,
And wear a stately form;
It shall tell of mountain streams,
Until we hear their quickly-dwelling dreams,
Ringing to music for our waking hours;
It shall rehearse the tale of pine-strewn woods,
Until their pensive moods
Shall haunt the common street with their weird powers;
They dwell in inland homes,
May learn the measure of the sea
Through its tumultuous tone,
Surging, as when the north-wind comes,
After a storm, while the fierce waves moan,
And drives the herded clouds across the crystal sea.
Nature in every form that soothes our pain
Shall come to us again,
As when in childhood's hours of rest
We lay upon our breast;
The organ then shall lead the quivering soul
Onward to worlds where unheard anthems roll.

At length the people sought and found
A bolder form than in his art,
Who held his work dear unto his heart,
The child of his old age,
Tender as a monk of old
Slipping down the scale of years,
Who paints his last stroke on 'till enmelled page,
Who waits for this on the organ for the Free.
At last the long laborious hours were told,
Ended their ecstasies and fears,
Struck by the master's hand, there leaped a sound
From these fresh wells of secret melody.

"You're a genuine Virginian," replied Miss Forsythe, "and I think a love for one's own country is not only pardonable, but commendable."
"And that's why you love old England so, is it not?" said Mr. Nelson, pleasantly.
"Perhaps so," rejoined the governess. Then suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "Excuse me a moment, and I will see if breakfast is ready," and hastened to the dining-room in search of Frink. He was not there. She rang, but he did not come. Going to his room, she found him the picture of chagrin and despondency, sitting on the floor, his head wrapped in a towel, and resting on his knees.

"Come, Frink," said the governess, "we must give Mr. Nelson some breakfast as soon as possible. But what's the matter? Have you hurt your head?" and stepping up and removing the towel, she raised her hands in mute astonishment. Then exclaimed—
"How did this happen? Who cut your hair so cruelly?"
"It was a mistake, missus!" said the servant, "a mistake!"
"A mistake! How could that be? Come, Frink, I'm your friend; tell me all about it; perhaps I can help you."

"It was what can be helped now!" said Frink, mournfully. "De has cut it, and I can't get it no more. No, Frink, I cannot; but what has happened?"
"You see, missus," replied Frink, still hanging his head, "I reckoned I jist give missus a surprise, as he was comin' home, and he likes me to be neat and genteel—so I jist shave my head and wear de wig!"
"You did!" said Miss Forsythe, "pray, where is it?"
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"Well, Frink, as you say," rejoined the lady, "it won't do for you to make your appearance in this plight, but I can make you a pretty turban; they are often worn, and are becoming. Let me see, where is your pocket scarf?"
"Here 'tis, here 'tis!" said Frink, more cheerfully, taking it from the box.
"This will make a very nice head-dress," said Miss Forsythe, as she twisted and wound it into the requisite shape, and placed it on his head.
"Very much obliged, missus," said he, bowing with his usual grace, "you have helped me out of dis trouble."

"You are very welcome, Frink," said Miss Forsythe, "and now I want you to promise me one thing, and that is, never to be ashamed of your hair again."
"How's I to help it?" asked the serving man, demurely.
"By keeping in mind," said Miss Forsythe, "that your hair is prettier for you than any other could be. It suits your complexion and eyes, as no other would. You made a great mistake in cutting it off."

"I reckon I did, missus. I was dat foolish; but how was I to know better, when we poor slave people are down and deapiled like de dogs—de white folks are so much above us! I's been studyin' about it since I come home."

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It was no farce to Mr. Nelson, seeing the looks of his dead father so strikingly reproduced in the person of the slave. Had Frink run away, it could scarcely have been a greater offence. The reflections that the incident at the river forced on his attention were anything but agreeable. The veil that covered the hideousness of slavery had suddenly been lifted, and he felt no more kindly towards the innocent disturber of his peace, for being obliged to ponder the fact, and its associations, that the lowly, degraded, fawning dependant, that waited on him day by day, was his own brother. As for Frink, volatile, and vain as slavery had developed him, a new light was dawning on his mind—a consciousness of manhood and of his wrongs was already awaking, and as he stood nervously in his slippers, behind his master's chair, or mechanically flitted to and fro like a shadow, passing the coffee, his soul was kindling to a flame.

"How is Amelia getting along?" asked Mr. Nelson, after a pause.
"She is not quite as much interested as I could wish," replied Miss Forsythe.
"But why does she not come in to welcome us?" inquired he.
"She went to ride," rejoined Miss Forsythe, "thinking she would be back before you arrived."
"Ah, here she comes!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, cheerfully, looking from a side window which commanded a view of the court; "she manages her pony well, too. We must have you ride, these fine mornings, Miss Lelia," he added; "what do you say to that?"

"I enjoy riding very much, and I am greatly obliged to you," she replied.
"If you are good, I shall sometimes take you to ride with me," said he, playfully.
Lelia, of course, had to say that she would try to be good.
Miss Forsythe was famous for equestrianism, and many a happy hour had she ridden by Mr. Nelson's side. "Miss Lelia," added, "Miss Forsythe and I have secured the country for miles around—it is my custom to introduce our lady visitors to everything of interest in our vicinity. I find my amusement in amusing others." Lelia smiled her thanks, and Miss Forsythe giving the signal for leaving the table, they entered the parlor just as Amelia came in, flushed with her morning exercise.

"How do you do, Amelia, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, kissing her.
"O, uncle, I am glad to see you!" returned Amelia.
"Miss Lelia, Miss Amelia," and the young ladies expressed themselves very happy to meet.

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON,
Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL.

"They're come at last!" said Miss Forsythe, rising, and systematically placing her embroidery on the work-table near which she had been sitting in the parlor, and taking off her pretty little gold thimble, and placing it in the very heart of the rose she had wrought so life-like with her magic fingers. Then opening the door, she passed lightly through, and greeted Mr. Nelson as he was handing Lelia up the steps.

Mr. Nelson's inquiries after the health of the governess were not simply conventional, but hearty and sincere, for his respect for her was unbounded. But she was not as self-possessed as usual, and nervously blushed as she responded; then looked inquiringly at the young lady who accompanied him, whom Mr. Nelson at once introduced as his ward Lelia.

The quick courtesy of the two seemed mutually favorable, and Lelia and Miss Forsythe kissed cordially.
Miss Forsythe had heard good accounts of the ward through Mr. Nelson's letters, and the governess had been highly commended to Lelia as a lady of the best culture and heart-qualities, and the orphan stranger felt inexpressible relief in finding that her guardian's representations were not overdrawn.

"I cannot help loving her," thought Miss Forsythe, and so thought Lelia as she was ushered in by the kind, graceful lady.
"Bless me! what a long road 'tis from Boston!" said Mr. Nelson, as he seated himself. "They ought to have built the city nearer Powhatan. Too far north, decidedly."

The governess smiled, and said she thought Powhatan was in about the right latitude.
"Just right," replied Mr. Nelson. "There's no place like home, and I've had a touch of home-sickness ever since I've been away. I wouldn't live North for all the property north of Mason and Dixon's line. I wouldn't, indeed!"

"You're a genuine Virginian," replied Miss Forsythe, "and I think a love for one's own country is not only pardonable, but commendable."
"And that's why you love old England so, is it not?" said Mr. Nelson, pleasantly.
"Perhaps so," rejoined the governess. Then suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "Excuse me a moment, and I will see if breakfast is ready," and hastened to the dining-room in search of Frink. He was not there. She rang, but he did not come. Going to his room, she found him the picture of chagrin and despondency, sitting on the floor, his head wrapped in a towel, and resting on his knees.

"Come, Frink," said the governess, "we must give Mr. Nelson some breakfast as soon as possible. But what's the matter? Have you hurt your head?" and stepping up and removing the towel, she raised her hands in mute astonishment. Then exclaimed—
"How did this happen? Who cut your hair so cruelly?"
"It was a mistake, missus!" said the servant, "a mistake!"
"A mistake! How could that be? Come, Frink, I'm your friend; tell me all about it; perhaps I can help you."

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"Very much obliged, missus," said he, bowing with his usual grace, "you have helped me out of dis trouble."

"You are very welcome, Frink," said Miss Forsythe, "and now I want you to promise me one thing, and that is, never to be ashamed of your hair again."
"How's I to help it?" asked the serving man, demurely.
"By keeping in mind," said Miss Forsythe, "that your hair is prettier for you than any other could be. It suits your complexion and eyes, as no other would. You made a great mistake in cutting it off."

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THE LIBERATOR.

"It's always shelling its leaves," said Amelia, whose pleasure it was to be on the opposite side; "and it's more than one servant can do to sweep after it. There, don't you see? there are two leaves fallen already! Then, the birds are so noisy; they wake me every morning, when I ought to be enjoying my sleep. It's outrageous!"

At this instant Miss Forsythe beckoned to them, and they joined her, and made the circuit of the garden.
Mr. Nelson, confiding in Miss Forsythe's taste, had empowered her to make any orders she chose about the garden and grounds: the consequence was great improvements. Ever orderly and on the alert, she had the garden do things in their season. The arbutus hedges and the yew trees were trimmed, and the setting out of bulbs, and the planting of seeds were in their time. During Mr. Nelson's late absence, she had a raised walk built on one side of the garden, with turfed perpendicular sides.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, meeting the governess and the young ladies, as they reached the terrace walk referred to, "Miss Forsythe, you plan admirably!"
"Just apollit the garden, has n't she, uncle?" asked Amelia.
This was charming, Miss Forsythe, perfectly charming! why did I not think of this before!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, taking no notice of the remark.

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"How is Amelia getting along?" asked Mr. Nelson, after a pause.
"She is not quite as much interested as I could wish," replied Miss Forsythe.
"But why does she not come in to welcome us?" inquired he.
"She went to ride," rejoined Miss Forsythe, "thinking she would be back before you arrived."
"Ah, here she comes!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, cheerfully, looking from a side window which commanded a view of the court; "she manages her pony well, too. We must have you ride, these fine mornings, Miss Lelia," he added; "what do you say to that?"

"I enjoy riding very much, and I am greatly obliged to you," she replied.
"If you are good, I shall sometimes take you to ride with me," said he, playfully.
Lelia, of course, had to say that she would try to be good.
Miss Forsythe was famous for equestrianism, and many a happy hour had she ridden by Mr. Nelson's side. "Miss Lelia," added, "Miss Forsythe and I have secured the country for miles around—it is my custom to introduce our lady visitors to everything of interest in our vicinity. I find my amusement in amusing others." Lelia smiled her thanks, and Miss Forsythe giving the signal for leaving the table, they entered the parlor just as Amelia came in, flushed with her morning exercise.

"How do you do, Amelia, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, kissing her.
"O, uncle, I am glad to see you!" returned Amelia.
"Miss Lelia, Miss Amelia," and the young ladies expressed themselves very happy to meet.

"Bless me! what a long road 'tis from Boston!" said Mr. Nelson, as he seated himself. "They ought to have built the city nearer Powhatan. Too far north, decidedly."

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At this instant Miss Forsythe beckoned to them, and they joined her, and made the circuit of the garden.
Mr. Nelson, confiding in Miss Forsythe's taste, had empowered her to make any orders she chose about the garden and grounds: the consequence was great improvements. Ever orderly and on the alert, she had the garden do things in their season. The arbutus hedges and the yew trees were trimmed, and the setting out of bulbs, and the planting of seeds were in their time. During Mr. Nelson's late absence, she had a raised walk built on one side of the garden, with turfed perpendicular sides.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, meeting the governess and the young ladies, as they reached the terrace walk referred to, "Miss Forsythe, you plan admirably!"
"Just apollit the garden, has n't she, uncle?" asked Amelia.
This was charming, Miss Forsythe, perfectly charming! why did I not think of this before!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, taking no notice of the remark.

"But why does she not come in to welcome us?" inquired he.
"She went to ride," rejoined Miss Forsythe, "thinking she would be back before you arrived."
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The governess smiled, and said she thought Powhatan was in about the right latitude.
"Just right," replied Mr. Nelson. "There's no place like home, and I've had a touch of home-sickness ever since I've been away. I wouldn't live North for all the property north of Mason and Dixon's line. I wouldn't, indeed!"

"You're a genuine Virginian," replied Miss Forsythe, "and I think a love for one's own country is not only pardonable, but commendable."
"And that's why you love old England so, is it not?" said Mr. Nelson, pleasantly.
"Perhaps so," rejoined the governess. Then suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "Excuse me a moment, and I will see if breakfast is ready," and hastened to the dining-room in search of Frink. He was not there. She rang, but he did not come. Going to his room, she found him the picture of chagrin and despondency, sitting on the floor, his head wrapped in a towel, and resting on his knees.

"Come, Frink," said the governess, "we must give Mr. Nelson some breakfast as soon as possible. But what's the matter? Have you hurt your head?" and stepping up and removing the towel, she raised her hands in mute astonishment. Then exclaimed—
"How did this happen? Who cut your hair so cruelly?"
"It was a mistake, missus!" said the servant, "a mistake!"
"A mistake! How could that be? Come, Frink, I'm your friend; tell me all about it; perhaps I can help you."

"It was what can be helped now!" said Frink, mournfully. "De has cut it, and I can't get it no more. No, Frink, I cannot; but what has happened?"
"You see, missus," replied Frink, still hanging his head, "I reckoned I jist give missus a surprise, as he was comin' home, and he likes me to be neat and genteel—so I jist shave my head and wear de wig!"
"You did!" said Miss Forsythe, "pray, where is it?"
"I lost it in de river, missus!" replied Frink; "and what's to do now?" he added, "can't 'pear so—disgrace myself!"

"Well, Frink, as you say," rejoined the lady, "it won't do for you to make your appearance in this plight, but I can make you a pretty turban; they are often worn, and are becoming. Let me see, where is your pocket scarf?"
"Here 'tis, here 'tis!" said Frink, more cheerfully, taking it from the box.
"This will make a very nice head-dress," said Miss Forsythe, as she twisted and wound it into the requisite shape, and placed it on his head.
"Very much obliged, missus," said he, bowing with his usual grace, "you have helped me out of dis trouble."

"You are very welcome, Frink," said Miss Forsythe, "and now I want you to promise me one thing, and that is, never to be ashamed of your hair again."
"How's I to help it?" asked the serving man, demurely.
"By keeping in mind," said Miss Forsythe, "that your hair is prettier for you than any other could be. It suits your complexion and eyes, as no other would. You made a great mistake in cutting it off."

"I reckon I did, missus. I was dat foolish; but how was I to know better, when we poor slave people are down and deapiled like de dogs—de white folks are so much above us! I's been studyin' about it since I come home."

"Well, well, business now!" replied Miss Forsythe, "breakfast is being brought in," and in leaving, she cast a penetrating glance at Frink's face, she knew that a change had come over him; there was an expression of thought and intelligence, such as she had not seen before.

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